Evening World Daily Magazine

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THEATRICAL manager, a motion picture advance agent and a vardeville performer met in

a restaurant last night, each with a complaint to voice.

"The calendar played me a mean trick this year," said the manager.

"What's wrong?" asked the vaude-

What wrong, asset the ville actor.

"Why, Decoration Day came on Wednesday and the same thing will happen regarding the Fourth of July. I'm thus kept from putting in extra holiday matinees. I have one show on Brondway. It has regular matinees on Wednesday. An extra holiday matinee would net me \$1,500. If you'll commit a little you'll see that the mpute a little, you'll see that the lendar will have cost me \$3,000 this

calendar will have cost me \$3,000 this star."

"But suppose you were in my fix," said the advance agent.

"What's that?"

"No hig feature film has 'gotten ever strong' recently. I mean like The Birth of a Nation' did. Had one made a hig hit it would have taken care of me and twenty other advance men next season. As it is, we'll starve, I guess."

"You fellows have a right to kick," said the vaudeville performer, "but so have I."

"What about?"

"The women who attend matinees."

"What about?"

"The women who attend matinees in vaudeville theatres. Nearly all of them bring their knitting, and we performers find it almost impossible to 'get over.' The women pay more attention to the knitting then they do to us. They're making things for soldiers."

"You oughtn't to kick, then," suggested the manager.

gested the manager.

"I guess you're right," came from
the vaudeville performer. "But this
seemed to be a sort of a disgruntled
party, so I thought I'd 'disgrunt' along
with the rest."

ANNA HAS A NEW ONE.

Anna Held is preparing to stage a series of tableaux called "Anna Held's Visions." They will go on view July, possibly in connection with a Shubert summer attraction. The tableaux will be of a character calculated to stir patriotic emotion.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Bill Baker never worked a lick. The thought of labor made him sick. He'd lie beneath the trees. He never had a single sou; yet, Bill was fat and healthy, too. He lived a life of ease. Jim Johnson worked from morn till night. Poor Jim was tall and thin and white. He worried all the time. He used to rail at idleness. He'd vow it only brought distress and class it as a crime. Jim Johnson died at forty-five; Bill Baker's very much alive. To work be still declines. He says he'll live a century. From care Bill Baker still is free. He never kicks or whines. This tale is fiction, reader dear. There really is no lesson here to help make life somplete. We'd all be Bakers if we dould. We can't and so that's out for good. So long! I've got to eat. BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

AN ARMY MAN'S FARCE.

Henry R. Stern has placed with the Messrs. Shubert for production noon a new farce called "Bottled Bugs." It was written by Lieut. Waiter S. Poague, U. S. A. What a chance for souvenirs on the occasion of the untieth performance! uptieth performance!

Marguerita Sylva announces she

will do no professional work until next winter. She is to visit Mr. and Mrs. Francis Wilson.

From the press department of the Golden Glades comes the statement that killen Dallerup is known as "the handsomest woman in the world."

Marion towice is out of "Oh, Boy!"
She is meaning in her own film "Rine." Marion locates is out of "Oh, Boy!"
She is posing in her own flim, "Runuway Romany." Joseph Kligour,
Pedro de Cordoba, Matt Moore, Ormi
Hawley and others are in the cast.
Edith Hallor, now in the "Folices,"
has been engaged by Elliott, Comstock & Gest for the title role is the
musical comedy "Leave It to Jine."

A summer opera house is being Columbia University. Eight performances will be given, the first on July 17. The reportory will consist of "Tosca," "Faust." "La Boheme" and the double bill of "Cavalloria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci,"

Page d tediously: some of the passengers looked anxiously out of the windows, while others drow their hats down over their fyes and tried to forget it. When half an love of the windows, while others drow their hats down over their fyes and tried to forget it.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY. "I'm a rattle-brained fool," said Jim Prebble of Hoosierville, ind., to Jim Prebble of Hoosierville, ind., to his friend Mike Greene. Mike agreed with him and they fought along Main Street for three blocks before the

> FOOLISHMENT. I'd love to have ten dollars.
> I'd laugh of I bad five.
> Why, most one would lering the jur.
> Ny goodness sakes acted.

"What's the difference between a barber dying and a sculptor dying?" dyes, and a sculptor makes faces and

"'S'MATTER, POP?"











OLD GRINDSTONE GEORGE

Fey! Page the Milkman and the Locksmith!

The Day's Good Stories

NO PRECEDENT. ts. LEWIS

Copylight, 1857, Press Publishing Co. CR, V. Evening World.?

had made it a prac every night verses from the Bible to her little ones. Among those verses which she par-

ticularly endeavored to impress on their young minds was, "Whose-ever smitch thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other one."

The following morning Jack came into the house sobbing bitterly.

"Why, what's the matter?" anxious-Bister hit me. "Have you forgotten about turning this way," said one the other check?" of the photos-

"No-n-no, boo-hoo!" walled Jack, but I couldn't; she hit me in the middle."-Harper's Weekly.

CONTEMPT OF COURT. OUR honor," informed the looked from one to

Y policeman as he pointed to the other. "Hold rise while the band played The Star fellows ever hear Spangled Banner.' " "I did not recognize the tune," ex-

the prisoner distened intently. When his honor had finished, the defendant Ladies' Home Journal.

retired from the court room.—The and dirty boy.

A SUGGESTION.

train. The ancient engine, having wheezed

conductor came along.

"Hi, conductor!" said a querulous of man, "what's the trouble?"

"We're taking in water," was the

explanation
"Well, why on earth don't you get
another tempoon?"—Chicago News.

FORGOT HIS MISSION. OC M'CLUE came into the office

Dec McLUE came into the office ed, "but 1 couldn't help it, my dear. Club

told him a story I heard last night and that reminded him of one he heard last week and so it went. And finally he said he guessed he'd have to be toddling along toward the of-

"'Well,' says I, 'run along then. Family all well?'
"'Ob, that reminds we,' says Harry. "That's why I called. My wife's had some kind of a stroke, and I was sent down here to tell you to go right cover. Darn it, your stories made me forget what I came for,' "—Cleveland Plain Dealer."

In a garage at Albuquerque is posted:

"Don't smoke around the tank! If your life isn't worth anything, gaso-

"DOUBLING IN ONE."

And on the wall of a barber's shop at Taos is prominently displayed:

"If you can't raise 15 cents, raise "DOUBLING IN ONE." journed, was accosted by two

photographers as he approached the raphers. "Look right into this iens," said the other, Marshall



of the cross-eyed butcher who was about to kill a steer? He had per- mine and everyplained the culprit hastily.

"Now, my dear man," said the judge sympathetically, "let me whistle it for you, so that hereafter you may distinguish it."

The judge whistled the melody and the prisoner distened intently. When the personer distened intently. When the prisoner distened intently is about to kill a steer. He had personed the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the prisoner distinct the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the prisoner distinct the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the prisoner distinct the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the prisoner distinct the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the prisoner distinct the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the prisoner distinct the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the place to hold the steer while he hit it below the place the pla

The one hundredth performance of The Passing Show of 1917 will be siven 10-night.

Anna Pennington, dancer, will go not the "Folies" to-night with two terpsichorean numbers.

The Celtic Players will be organized to present Irish plays in this country. Their season will open in November.

The continuous contents of the prisoner distenced intently. When his honor had finished, the defendant exclaimed generously:

"Your honor, if the band had played the tune as you whistled it, I would not be here to-day."

"Blackarged!" interrupted the well pleased judge.

"But the band would," concluded the main in an undertone as he hastly realized from the court room. The

"How did you persuade him?"

should punish him again in the morning. And in less than half an hour he told me the whole story of his own accord."—Cassel's Magazine.

ering storm, nursing her wrath

entered the room she began! "This is a nice time of night"-"I - er - know I'm late," he hastily interrupted, "but I



UT in New Mexico even public signs come direct to the point. in wondering how the reader will feel

posted:
"Don't smoke around the tank! If
your life isn't worth anything, gasoline is!"

TIMES HAVE CHANGED. ITTLE MILDRED came hom from a day's visit in the home of little Harriet.

whiskers!"-Saturday Evening Post.

fully rude to me, mamma," said Mildred. "She talked cross to me and she wouldn't iet me play with told me her father was richer than



"Maybe that's what you would have done, mamma," Mildred replied, "But times have changed since you were a little girl. When Harriet acted mean

dancer, is of course a good musician.

"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

At a reception the other day M. Nijinsky listened without wincing to a planeforte performance, more vigorous than akilful, on the part of the "How did you persuade him?"
"Weil, first I gave him a good hiding," said the parent, "and then I
put him to bed without any supper
and took his clothes away and told
him he would stay in bed till he confessed what he'd done and that I
should punish him again in the morn-

PHOEBE was bored. In all the

six long years of her life she had never spent such a miserable day. Circumstances at las grew too strong for

her, and she cried. She was one of those who do no offen cry, but who when they do make no secret or it. In short Phoebe nearly lifted the nursery ceiling off.
Upstairs came Phoebe's mother, al



pyvight, 1917. Press Publishing Co. (N. Y. Evening World.)

TAKE IT FROM ME JOE, I KNOW!

MY OLD "RUMBLE" DID THE SAME

THING - GET A CAN OF THAT

It Takes Only One to Run a Car, but 1,037,498 to Tell Him How!

ATMAW UOY TAHW - WA DO IS TO GET A NEW SET OF PLUGS GET I DON'T THINK THAT'S THE BEST NO MATTER THE TROUBLE JOE.

WHAT THEY COST -THAT'S WHAT I DO AN I'VE OWNED SIX CARS! YOU'LL LEARN BY EXPERIENCE JOE, LIKE I DID! F

I CAN TELL YOU WHAT THE TROUBLE IS -Y'FEED IT TO HER TOO RICH! CUT DOWN ON YGAS - IF THAT

By Vie

By Clifton Meek



Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

boast of a \$5,000 automobile.

There are sixteen machines in the town now, but none cost more than \$1,500. Balley's Hollow, Delhi's great.

Speaking of her plan to no one, she hurried upstairs to her boudotr and penned her contribution to the contest. It was such a fine effort that she cost. It was such a fine effort that she cost. It was such a fine effort that she cost. Accident to reveal to Delhi its great.

When Mrs. Eliaba O. Pertie read of the cost.

yesterday, laughing like a garwith language of language sheet language of language sheet language of language sheet language

(The New York Brening World)

(The New York Brening World) DELHI is rejoicing over the fact that it is seen to be able to boast of a \$5,000 automobile had never ridden in a Scooter, but the great holor Miss Doolittle had

as Delhi, but it points with pride to Cooger Hoskin's machine, which cost \$2,000 new. Ever since Hoskins bought his car last May Delhi's pride has been injured. Therefore, it is with great rejoicing that Delhiantonians are awaiting the arrival of the expensive machine.

To Ellabelle Mac Doolitile the town

test. It was such a fine effort that she He!"

When Mrs. Elisha Q. Pertis read of what the poetes had done she called a meeting of the Women's Betterment League, and a resolution was passed offering the city's thanks to the poetin the Delhi Bazoo. The poem was printed, also, so it is without violating any confidences that it is reproduced here. Here it is:

Once again I'm up to my old tricks,

"When is that contest to be de-

Once mgain I'm up to my old tricks,
Of calling on my miss.
I want to tell you shout the ficcott Sir,
But not by any ruse.
The springs are very fine, the cushions, too,
"The radius is very easy."
I like its car," would say Yee Fun Loo,
Were he to saloy the breeze.

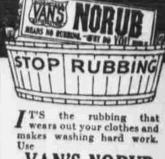
Mo eleter's child. Decory Richetta. Called the preacher an idea, Farber charlest dez with a tonce picket, A weighging her little station and 1-1 getting here to the country size. But one if per liver the stronger size.

I DIE-

"When is that contest to be decided?" asked Mrs. Cutey Boggs.
"In four weeks," replied Miss Doolittle. "But what matters that? Undoubtedly one hundred thousand poets will submit rhymes, but"—here she blushed. "I feel that

blushed—"I feel that we need not worry about the outcome." As the poetass shrank modestly back into the line of women on the restrum the audience stood up and

applauded with great gusto. All were pleased.



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